

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.
He hath bene in vnſuall Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the ſeruant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt laſt Night of the three veyward Siſters:
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to ſerue,
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'ſt leysure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My Boſome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while.

Banq. Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready,
She ſtrike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

Art thou not fatall Viſion, ſenſible

To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but

A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?

I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,

As this which now I draw.

Thou maſt haſt' me the way that I was going,

And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.

Mine Eyes are made the fool's o'th' other Senſes,

Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;

And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,

Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:

It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes

Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World

Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe

The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Heccats Offerings: and wither'd Murther,

Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whoſe howle's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,

With *Tarquins* rauifhing fides, towards his deſigne

Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth

Hear not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare

Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,

And take the preſent horror from the time,

Which now lutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:

Words to the heart of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quenched them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that ſhriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurfet'd Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearken: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't.

Macb. I haue done the deed:

Didſt thou not heare a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry.

Did not you ſpeake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a ſorry ſight.

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,

And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:

I ſtood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,

And addreſſt them againe to ſleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe vs, and Amen the other,

As they had ſcene me with theſe Hangmans hands:

Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,

When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought

After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,

Sleepe that knits vp the rauen'd Sleeue of Care,

The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,

Balme of hurt Minde, great Nature's ſecond Courſe,

Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feaſt.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houſe:

Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*

Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,

You doe vnband your Noble ſtrength, to thinke

So braine-fickly of things: Goe get ſome Water,

And

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye ſo late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowing till the ſecond Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke eſpecially
prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be ſaid to be an Equiuocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it ſets him on,
and it takes him off: it perwades him, and diſ-heartens
him; makes him ſtand too, and not ſtand too: in conclu-
ſion, equiuocates him in a ſleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macd. I beleeue Drinke gaue thee the Lye laſt Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too ſtrong
for him, though he tooke vp my Legges ſometime, yet I
made a Shift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtiring?

Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King ſtiring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,

I haue almoſt ſlipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyſicks paine:

This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited

ſeruiſe. *Exit Macduff.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruſy:

Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,

And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;

Strange Schreemes of Death,

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,

Of dyre Combution, and confus'd Euent,

New hatch'd toth' wofull time.

The obſcure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night:

Some ſay, the Earth was ſeuerous,

And did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell

A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-peece:

Moſt ſacrilegious Murther hath broke ope

The Lords anoynted Temple, and ſole thence

The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you ſay, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maieſtie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and deſtroy your ſight

With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me ſpeake:

mm 3

See,